Strawberry Creme

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Strawberry Creme

by sourweather

Summary

Bobby said that he didn't want to celebrate Valentine's day, but when Nigel gets home that night, Bobby makes sure that both Alphas have a good time.

Notes

You pick the Strawberry Creme filled chocolate from your Chocolate Sampler. It's bright pink inside, encased in a dark chocolate shell. It's bright, sweet and a little tart. Your mouth waters, and you try to eat it as slowly as you can.

See the end of the work for more notes

Nigel nearly fucking chokes when he enters the bedroom.

He and Bobby had decided they weren't celebrating Valentine's Day. Nigel was going to be out late, and Bobby said he'd always found the holiday fucking irritating anyway. He'd entirely forgotten that today was even the fourteenth, until he walked in and found his boyfriend laid out like a fucking five course dinner.

Truth be told, Bobby takes Nigel's breath away best when he's wearing a smirk and nothing else. But *this* is something new, and it's hitting him like a sack of fucking bricks. The Alpha's toned legs are wrapped in thin red stockings that creep up to his thighs, his half-hard cock barely contained in a pair of lacey red panties. He's got a matching lace bralette across his chest, and his smug little smile is painted in bloody red.

Nigel grins, the stress of the deal he'd run tonight slipping away as his blood rushes to his cock. "Didn't think you'd be waiting up for me, darling," he purrs, and kicks off his shoes.

"Took you long enough," Bobby fires back. Nigel nearly trips over himself on his way to the bed. There's something hypnotic about watching Bobby's lips move like this. "You're lucky I didn't have all the fun without you."

"You know how to have fun without me?" Nigel teases, and Bobby rolls his eyes but the corner of his lip quirks upward a little.

"Just get your ass over here, before I give up and take all this shit off."

Nigel chuckles low, makes quick work out of undressing. Bobby drags him into a kiss as soon as he's within reach, shoves his tongue into Nigel's mouth. "Eager, sweetheart?" he goads between kisses, and Bobby nips at his jaw, smears crimson down his throat.

"Shut up and fuck me."

Bobby makes a space for him between his legs, and Nigel takes a moment to appreciate the picture the Alpha paints. He drags his hands up Bobby's legs, palms skimming over liquid soft material. Bobby's cock is fully hard, now, flushed a pretty pink where it peeks out from the panties. The lace stretches obscenely over his length, and Nigel's mouth waters at the sight. He palms at it, showing his fangs when Bobby lifts his hips into the pressure. Fuck, dressing up like this really must've made him horny.

Nigel's other hand moves upward, groping at Bobby's chest through the lace bra. The lingerie accentuates the fat and muscle of the Alpha's pectorals, makes them look so plush and irresistible. He squeezes a good handful, pinches Bobby's nipple just to listen to how his breath catches. "You've got nice tits for an Alpha, darling. Anybody ever tell you that?"

Bobby kisses him again, messy and wet, and Nigel knows that his face must be stained with red. "I'm not an Alpha tonight," he whispers coyly.

Nigel pulls back just enough to lift a curious brow at him, and *fuck,* Bobby's not one to blush but he goes a little rosy as he takes Nigel's hand. Bobby guides it further between his legs,

past his cock, and Nigel's fingers trace over the other Alpha's hole.

"Naughty thing," he mutters, rearing back to get a better look. Nigel tugs the tiny red panties to the side, and growls at what he sees. Bobby's got a plug in him, a fucking *huge* one that his ass hugs sinfully tight. Nigel's cock throbs just looking at it, seeing how utterly stuffed his boyfriend is. No wonder he's been so desperate.

Bobby makes a point out of spreading his legs nice and wide, cants his hips to offer his hole up for the taking. Nigel grabs the base of the plug, gives it a gentle pull. Bobby gasps.

They both stare between Bobby's legs as Nigel inches the toy out. Nigel groans when the widest part pops free, the flush on Bobby's face only getting deeper when a trickle of lube leaks from his hole. By the time it's fully out, both Alphas are rock hard and short of breath. God.

Nigel reaches out, traces the edge of Bobby's swollen rim with his thumb. He shoves three fingers in, finds no resistance. When he looks the other Alpha in the face, Bobby's fangs are sinking into his lower lip.

"You want to be my Omega, sweetheart?" Nigel asks, and Bobby shivers.

He swallows hard, shows Nigel his neck. "Go on, Alpha," he teases breathlessly. A weak smirk blooms on his face. "Put a pup in me."

Nigel's pupils blow wide. They've never tried this before. Neither of them are shy about taking cock, of course, but it takes a lot of fucking work to force a knot into an Alpha without breaking him open. Nigel spreads his fingers, can feel the give of Bobby's insides. He imagines how it would feel, locking his swollen knot inside of this warm, slick hole, and he has to shake himself before he can send himself into a fucking Rut over it.

He crashes into Bobby, groping every inch of him that he can reach as they kiss fiercely. Their fangs clash, Bobby growls into his mouth when Nigel grinds against him. The lace is harsh against his cock, dragging between them with each primal roll of their hips. "Gonna knot you so fucking deep, baby," Nigel groans, and snatches their lube from the beside table. It's nearly empty, Bobby probably used most of the fucking bottle prepping himself for this.

Bobby's hole is dripping with lube already, but Nigel slicks himself up a little regardless. The last thing he wants to do is hurt his boyfriend. It's gonna be a tight fit either way, but he'd prefer to avoid spending the rest of his Valentine's Day in the fucking ER.

Both Alphas groan when Nigel slides his way in. It's obscenely easy to start, the friction almost totally lost as Nigel begins to thrust. Hard and deep, just how Bobby likes it.

"Fuck," Bobby breathes, and he digs his claws into Nigel's bicep. "Faster."

Nigel flashes a cocky grin, grunts as he drives his way in. "You like that, baby?" he asks, nudging the other Alpha's prostate. "Like it when I fuck that tight little pussy?"

Bobby clenches up around Nigel's cock. His lashes flutter. "You're so annoying," he complains, but his voice is strained with pleasure.

He rips the straining lace away from Bobby's dripping cock with his claws, swipes a thumb over the head. "Want me to play with your pretty clit, too?"

Instead of another snide remark, Bobby moans, higher than Nigel's used to hearing him. He bucks his hips into Nigel's hand, toes curling inside his stockings as his breaths turn faster.

It doesn't take long for Nigel's knot to start filling. This is the point where he'd usually start fucking halfway in, or pull out to jerk off onto Bobby's stomach. It almost feels wrong, adding more power behind his thrusts. Shoving his growing knot into Bobby's needy hole. Nigel leans back on his knees, watching his knot get swallowed up by the other Alpha's flesh.

Bobby's lost in it, by now. Shiny with sweat and letting out these cute broken sounds that go straight to Nigel's knot. His hand flies over Bobby's cock, his fangs aching to bite the Alpha's already marked flesh.

Nigel roars when his knot fully swells, squeezed almost unbearably tight by Bobby's hot, slick body. Bobby's hole spasms violently, milking Nigel's cock as he floods the other Alpha with his cum.

The sound that leaves Bobby's mouth is, without a fucking doubt, the sluttiest thing Nigel's ever heard. Long, wavering moans that feel like they come straight from Bobby's fucking soul, his dark brows furrowed hard and his mouth hanging open. He comes all over his stomach, cock jumping uselessly as it stains his trembling flesh. Nigel's never seen him like this, but he instantly knows that he's gonna be fucking craving it until Bobby lets him do it again.

And judging by the way Bobby shudders from head to toe for minutes after he comes, he's definitely going to let Nigel do it again.

"You okay?" Nigel asks after a while.

Bobby's still shaking, sucking in hitching little gasps. The crease between his brows refuses to smooth away, his eyes are shut tight. "S-So… fucking *full,"* he half-moans, and Christ, he sounds fucking wrecked.

Nigel grins, pets a hand through Bobby's sweaty hair. "Shit, never would've figured you for a knotslut, Bronson."

Bobby tries to snap his teeth at him, but he's a bit too fucked-out for it to look intimidating. "Shut up," he sighs, and pulls Nigel into another passionate kiss.

End Notes

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